

7/6/67

Dear Anne,

What a remarkable coincidence that after this long silence we wrote each other the same time.

Thanks for the worry. So many wonderful people do it for I don't have to. Don't have time anyway.

I'm still swinging, laying the foundation for lots of things to come with these intellectual flunks and their syndicated and video whitewashes.

They have all been without response. I've already arranged to answer CBS on several of their clear-channel radio stations, San Francisco and Chicago.

From my limited contact with people, these have largely backfired. People who know that the President was killed, then the man accused of killing him, then the man who killed the alleged killer died with a certain certain element of mystery, and they do not like being told they are nuts for having questions.

If you have seen nothing in the local bookstores with my byline, when you can please tell them what I have is available under normal trade arrangements, including the new one, which will get a column in this coming Sunday's New York Times. I've had to lay Manchester aside for the moment, to bring out more fact for people to chew and to backstop Garrison.

Sure we're in the middle of Problemsville. We'll be there until this is cleared up. We'll stay there until it is.

Summer is here, too, and we've not time to enjoy it. We've located a new place and will, I hope, be moving soon. Near here

Thanks for the worry. We're fine. Best from us both (Lil is still asleep).

Sincerely,